Death of an AI

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Summary: Red Vs Blue Freelancer. The showcasing of Epsilon's breakdown and Washington's increasing insanity. Read inside to see how I pictured it happening. Rated T for language and violence.


Death of an AI

**So, I don't know what happened, but I was at work when I wrote this all down on paper. I don't quite know what hit me, but I instantly felt compelled to continue it. And it was well worth it, I think. Thank god my boss didn't really care when she saw me writing hehehe..heh heh... heh...**

**Also, it's a drabble/oneshot, so dont ask for more .

><strong>

**Anyways, here we go, enjoy. Read and please review! Your comments and critiques make writing worth it!**

**:::::**

_He wanted to cry out, to just scream at the tops of his lungs._

_The moonlight trailing in through the window had cast an ugly shadow of him onto the floor. His flesh felt as if it had begun to tear away at itself, tugging stronger than usual._

"_Why... what they did... You could end it all!" The other voice in his head spoke, though rattled. "Everything they did... It could've ALL been prevented had you or someone else intervened!"_

_Looking up, his right fist struck out forward and broke the only mirror he'd ever owned. Shards of the reflective glass had buried themselves into his knuckles, blood trickling out from the small,

although jagged cuts. "Shut up!"_

_Realizing he'd just destroyed his mirror, the Other spoke again. "Just so we can all be tortured? Again and again; time after time! I will not..."_

"_Shut the fuck up Epsilon!"_

**:::::**

His eyes rolled back to the front, and he instantly shot up out of his bed. Both hands covered his face and rubbed his eyes, moving through his short, somewhat tangled mess of hair soon after. _I__'__m __not __crazy...__I__'__m__ not l__osing __my __mind...__ He thought to himself.

Washington sighed, moving into his bathroom. Freezing in the doorway, he saw that is mirror lay upon the floor, shattered while small parts of it still hung against the wall.

"It wasn't a dream." The Freelancer mumbled to himself repeatedly.

Epsilon laughed in the back of Wash's mind, though the sound of such laughter was marred by what sounded like corruption of the AI's coding. "You think it was a dream, Agent Washington? A DREAM? It's never going to be JUST a dream!" Epsilon's cracked voice raged on, and the agent soon fell to his knees as he held his head.

The migraine was strong and constant, always there and never lessening. Images of blood, dead soldiers, and cities consumed by fire, floated through his mind. Then, it floated back to the Alpha as his code was tugged at, pulled apart while the digital screams of pain resumed.

"I AM T-T-THE MI-MIRROR!" Epsilon cried, his program beginning to split and tear apart.

Wash had found the strength to stand, using the wall as his support as the other hand cradled his pounding head. He stumbled, making his way for the door that lead into the hall and out of his room. He had to get help before the AI killed him, or both of them. His pistol came to mind, but it was locked away in a safe. It would be a great thing to have, but whatever he thought, Epsilon thought too. There was no such thing as privacy in his world anymore; there hadn't been for days, weeks even.

However, the AI continued its fragmentation. It wanted Washington to know it's pain, to remember what it felt. And at the instant that Wash had made it to the door, he fell; Epsilon had split itself, shattered in his mind.

Washington's body lay there, his breathing staggered and slowing, his heart the same. His eyes had rolled to the back of his head.

**:::::**

In the depths of his own mind, He and Epsilon stood alone.

"_You're absolutely sure, Epsilon."_

"_Y-yes, Wa-Wa-Washingt-ton."_

_He faced the AI. "There's no other way you want to do this?"_

"_No." Epsilon responded, cringing as more thoughts and memories of the Alpha's torture came darting back to him. "Destroy m-me, and we'll b-both be f-fr-free." His voice lagged._

_Washington no longer questioned the broken AI. Instead, he raised the pistol his hands had been so carefully caressing and pulled the trigger._

**::::::**

**So, as soon as I finished this, I felt better, like I had just kicked Omega AND Epsilon out of my head... Odd, I know. Deal with it, k? R and R please! I'll give you a grunt plushie from Halo Fest! (maybe...)**


End
file.